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The Bull of Redstone.

This locality, originally known as Redstone, now Brownsville, some sixty years ago was the scene of a most comical occurrence, which is related by an old resident of Redstone, who witnessed the scene. At the period referred to the managers of a horse race track published a notice of a mile heat race on a particular day, "free for anything with four legs that had hair on," for a purse of \$100.

A farmer in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and the idea occurred to him of entering his bull for the race. He said nothing to anyone of his intention to enter the bull for the race, but quietly commenced training the bull by riding him around the race track on moonlight nights. In this manner he trained the bull until it got the hang of the track pretty well, and would keep on the right course. He rode the bull with spurs and when the spurs were applied to the bull he would bellow frightfully.

On the day of the race Hays rode to the race-ground "on horseback" on his bull. Instead of a saddle he had a dried oxhide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump, and instead of a whip he carried a tin horn in his hand. He rode to the judges' stand and offered to enter his bull for the race, but the owners of the horses entered objected to the bull's entrance. Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had "four legs and hair on," and therefore he had a right to enter his bull. After a good deal of "cussin'" on the part of horse owners and considerable "fussin'" on the part of the judges it was decided that the bull had a right to run, and was accordingly entered.

When the time for starting arrived the bull and horses took their places. The horsemen were out of humor at being bothered with the bull and the burlesque which they supposed were intended, but thought it would be all over as soon as the horses started. When the signal was given Hays gave a blast with his horn and sunk his spurs into the sides of the bull, which bounded off with a terrible bound and the dried oxhide flapping up and down and rattling at every jump made such a combination of noises as was never before heard on a race-course. The horses all immediately flew the track, everyone seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut out of the Redstone country, and none of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse went to Hays, who, as he rode around the course, and a great deal of hard swearing was done by the horse owners. They concluded that they had been swindled out of the purse, and if it hadn't been for Hays' horn and oxhide the thing wouldn't have turned out as it did. Had not the fun of the thing put the crowd in good humor and all on the side of the bull, a general row would have ensued.

Hays told the indignant base-nation that his bull could beat either of their horses any day; and if they would put up \$100 against the purse he had won he would make off the oxhide, throw away his tin horn and run a fair race with them, which proposition was eagerly and promptly accepted and the money staked.

The bull and the horses were again at their starting-post. In their places, ready for the word go, and the moment the signal was given Hays gave the bull a

touch of his spurs and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses, remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before, and away they went again, in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull round the track and won the money.—Philadelphia Times.

The Old Time Doctor.

The old doctor who years ago was such a great man in Arkansas has retired from practice. His old saddle-bags hang on the quilting frames under the shed, and his grand-children peel apples with his surgical instruments. The bones of his old horse have been used as a fertilizer by some progressive Yankee. There was a day, though, when the old man, now so gray and feeble, was strong, almost as strong as the medicines he carried. His word was law in numerous households. Quinine and calomel were the only medicines for which he had any respect. When these medicines failed, it was thought time for the patient to call on a higher power for naturalization papers in another hemisphere. The lanceet was a great factor. If a man was slightly ill, bleed him. If he was very ill, bleed him. If he was dead, wait awhile. Bleeding was a mania among the doctors. It raged like an epidemic. If a man had too much blood they would bleed him, and they would bleed him if he didn't have enough. If a man had his left arm torn off, the next thing was "sauce" a knife in his right arm. It did not seem to enter the minds of these "old timers" that a man needed blood. With them, flesh might enter the kingdom of Esculapius, but blood was excluded.

On one occasion a young doctor suggested to several physicians with whom he was holding a consultation that it would no doubt be better not to bleed the patient any more. The old physicians looked at the young fellow in amazement, and one of them found breath to exclaim:

"What?"

"I say that I don't think that it will be a good idea to bleed him any more at present."

The old physicians looked at each other and sorrowfully shook their heads.

"Upon what do you base this wild assertion, sir?"

"I base it upon common sense. The patient was suffering in the first place from a loss of blood, then we bled him, and now I say that it would be better to wait until he is able to stand another drain upon his system."

"He's hopelessly insane," said one of the doctors.

"I don't know that his case is hopeless," said one of the party, "but it soon will be unless immediate action is taken. He needs bleeding," and they seized him and cut a hole in his scalp.

All of these old fellows have retired from practice, with records with the blood of their countrymen. They have not become reconciled to the new and less boisterous mode of practice, and even now, if one of them should be called upon, he would have his knife in the patient in less than five minutes.—Arkansas Traveler.

A bottle of patent medicine cured the infatuation of a youth for an Iowa girl. She hit him over the head with it.

Queen Victoria is said to be still swapping her autograph for elegies on the late John Brown. We trust the full poet will take the hint.

Mahone's son is a block of the old chip.—Galveston News.

Wanted Daughters.

"Now that we are engaged," said Miss. Pottleworth, "come let me introduce you to papa."

"I believe that I have met him," replied young Spickle.

"But in another capacity than that of son-in-law."

"Yes—er but I'd rather not meet him to-night."

"Oh, you must," and, despite the almost violent struggles of the young fellow, he was drawn into the library where a large, red-faced man, with a squint in one eye, and an enlargement of the nose, sat looking over a lot of papers.

"Father," said the girl.

"Huh," he replied, without looking up.

"I wish to present to you—"

"What?" he exclaimed, looking up and catching sight of young Spickle.

"Have you the impudence to follow me here? Didn't I tell you I would see you to-morrow?"

"Why, father, you don't know Mr. Spickle, do you?"

"I don't know his name, but I know him. I know that he has been to my office three times a day for the past week with a bill. I know him well enough. I can't pay that bill to-night, young man. Come to my office to-morrow."

"I hope," said Spickle, "that you do not think so ill of me; I have not come to collect the bill you have referred to, but—"

"The devil! Got another one?"

"You persist in misunderstanding me. I did not come to collect a bill. I can come to-morrow and see you about that. To-night, I proposed to your daughter, and have been accepted. Our mission is to acquaint you with the fact and to ask your consent to our marriage."

"Well," said the old fellow, "is that all? Blamed if I didn't I think you had a bill. Take the girl, if that's what you want; but say, didn't I tell you to bring the bill to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you needn't. Our relations are different now. Wish I had a daughter for every bill collector in town."—Arkansas Traveler.

"Madam," said a travel-stained commercial tourist, riding up to an Indiana cabin one evening, "I'd like to lodge all night at your house."

"Hain't got no room," she answered, as she critically examined his appearance.

"Is there any other house near here?"

"One about ten miles down the road."

"That's too far, and I can't sleep out doors."

"Stay awake, then; there hain't no law agin it."

"But, madam, you should take me in, for you might be entertaining an angel unaware."

"Well, yes, I know I mount, and then, agin, I moun't; and, jedging from yer, style, I shed say your wuz about the strongest case of moun't that's kem along this road since Morgan's raiders passed through, er the angel clothin' business is bustin' almighty wide open—it's hard tellin which."—Marchant Traveler.

Heard at the theater: She—"Flay Guth, do you pertheive that i thup?" He—"Ther-tinly not, you don't lithp any more than I do."—New York Journal.

Colonel Ingersoll's middle name is Green. It may be slow in catching and may splutter a little at first, but it will burn, it will burn.—Philadelphia Call.

Butler's favorite song: "For ever and for I."



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NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

The Territorial and County taxes for the year 1883, are now due and payable at the Sheriff's Office, at the Court House, in the Village and County of Yuma, from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Taxes will be delinquent on and after MONDAY, DECEMBER 17th. At 6 o'clock, P. M. and unless paid before that time the usual 5 per cent and costs will be added.

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